

The second part of

Shallow Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Rood: and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

Silens Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

Shallow And how dooth my cosin your bed-fellowe? and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silens Alas, a blacke woofel, cosin Shallow.

Shallow By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my cosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Silens Indeede sir to my cost.

Shallow A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Lusty Shallow then, cosin.

Shallow By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little John Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cottole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Cosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about souldiers?

Shall. The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent: and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Silens We shall all follow, cosin.

Shal. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the Psalmist

Henry the fourth.

Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Silens Dead sir.

Shal. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead! a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and caried you a forehand shaft a foureteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Silens Thereafter as they be, a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble dead?

Silens Heere come twoo of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shall. I am Robert Shallow sir, a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: what is your pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captaine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

Shall. He greets me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accomodate than with a wife.

Shallow It is well sayde in faith sir, and it is well sayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is it,